

The Mirror

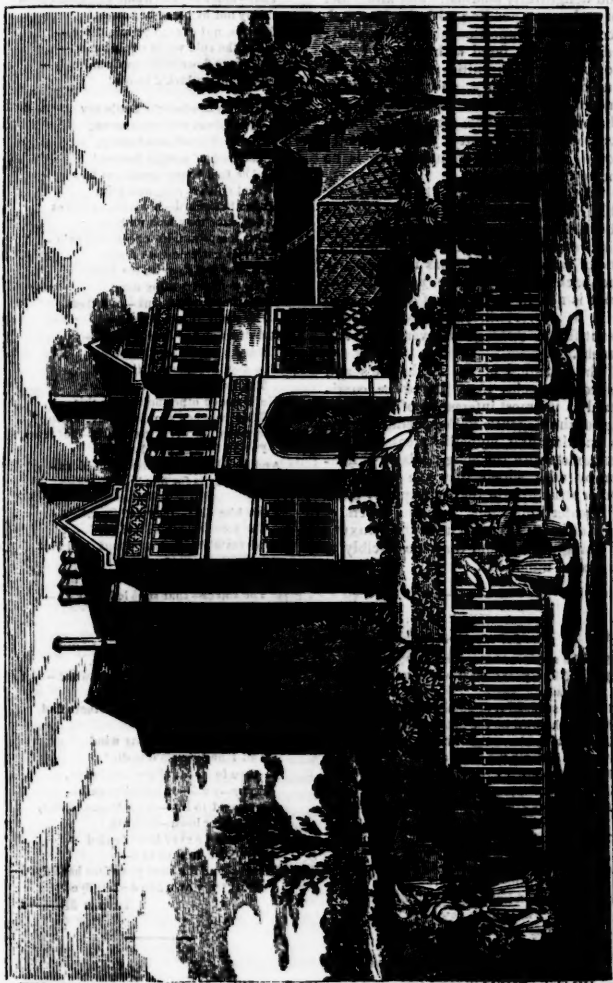
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 310.]

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1828.

[PRICE 2d.]



RESIDENCE OF THE MASTER OF ST. KATHERINE'S, REGENT'S PARK.

THE annexed engraving will form a *companion* to the Hospital of St. Katherine, in our last number. It represents the residence of Sir Herbert Taylor, (the master of that philanthropic foundation,) and is a handsome specimen of domestic architecture; for as Sir Henry Wotton thinks every man's proper mansion-house and home ought to be—it is “decently and delightfully adorned,” and altogether in style corresponding with the Hospital, &c. on the opposite side of the road; being of brick faced with stone. It has none of the incongruities of modern style, but on the contrary, an air of stability and comfort which well accords with the character of the whole establishment. Of its architectural beauty, the ornamented portal, with its fine pointed arch, is no mean portion.

The site of the mansion is of indescribable beauty, being elevated considerably above the road, and commanding many picturesque views of the Regent's Park, one of which our artist has introduced in the back ground of the picture. The front is now in the course of disposal, and will, at no very distant period, present a beautiful assemblage of evergreens and shrubs.

The Hospital of St. Katherine's and its contingencies may indeed be considered as the most interesting of the buildings of the Regent's Park, whether viewed as architectural embellishments, or in connexion with the long trails of philanthropy with which they are associated. Other structures in the vicinity may boast of greater splendour, but the towers of St. Katherine's remind us of the “luxury of doing good,” and that too forcibly to be passed unnoticed.

A SKETCH.

(For the Mirror.)

“He who ascends to mountains' tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and
snow;

He who surpasses, or subdues, mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those sum-
mits lead.”

CHILDS HAROLD, Canto III., Stanza 45.

I saw him,—when the flush of fame
Was mantling o'er his brow,
And thousand lips might shout his name—
I think I hear them now!
And not one lip—and not one heart,
Then breathing—beating—there,
But would have taught its blood to start—
His laurel wreath to share!

But he stood alone; and though his eye
Flash'd ever—eagle-gaze,—
The close, calm glance, might oft espy
What honour could not chase—
That sense of utter loneliness
The highest, haughtiest, prove—
When wondering thousands came to bless
The heart—not one will love!
The feeling—that its better toil
Can earn not,—all it sought
That—much beyond whole kingdom's spoil
May not by blood be bought!
But this, not every eye might see,—
Not the cold world could know.—
The grave-flowers bloom'd smilingly—
Corruption-lurk'd below!

I saw him,—when the battle cry
Arose from earth to heaven,
And mingling oft, confusedly,
The flash of earthly leaven!
And he that basely quails, or flies
That conflict red, and grim
Turns backward—if his craven eyes
But once may look on him!
I saw him,—and his cheek was pale—
It was not pale with fear—
And, like a meteor on the gale,
His pennon floating near.
I saw that pennon sink—and then
His ready rescue-blow:—
It flutters on the breeze again—
But when awakes the foe?
The day is his; but little bliss
The tide of blood may bring;
He has seen other fields than this,—
Then, whence should rapture spring?
There shall be breaking hearts—not tears,
For all that he has done—
And blood upon ten thousand biers—
The glory is for one!

I saw him die:—they had forgot
The blood which he had shed—
Or deem'd the stealing doom, and blot
Fell fitly on his head.
I saw him then—glance proudly on
The slaves—that scowled beneath—
As scornful ban or benison,
Accorded by their breath!
And first he gave his oft-tried sword
With that to deal the stroke,
And then his long-remember'd word—
His last—his only—spoke,
“I've lived—and found, as others find,
All here—is vanity—
And stable as the passing wind
And I have learn'd to die!
Ye have to learn, all ye could give,
Praise—gold—or laurel-wreath—
Are naught to him—who deigns to live,
The better boon—is death!
Yet should ye ever have denied
That boon to such as I—
Strike!—and the steel your foes have dyed—
Slaves! my own blood shall dye!”

THOMAS M——S.

EARLY MANUSCRIPTS AND EDITIONS OF THE BIBLE.

(For the Mirror.)

The most ancient and most valuable book is the Bible, and of all others the most deserving our attention, even were it only as a specimen of the earliest literature; but the holy volume has a stronger claim upon us. As the spring from whence flow all the blessed gifts of our divine father—as the sacred reference for our guide through paths checkered with perplexities and ills—as the source of inexhaustible consolation and relief, when encompassed by sorrow's powerful arm—as the beacon through which we learn how to live on earth; and lastly, as the ladder to climb to heaven, we must hold its name ever dear to us, and treasure every fact connected with its existence.

The Old Testament was first written in Hebrew, and afterwards translated into Greek about 275 years before the birth of Christ, by 72 Jews, by order of Ptolemaus Philadelphus, king of Egypt. The precise number of the Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament is unknown; those written before the years 700 or 800 it is supposed were destroyed by some decree of the Jewish senate, on account of their numerous differences from the copies then declared genuine. Those which exist in the present day were all written between the years 1000 and 1457. The manner in which these MSS. were written, is rather interesting. In the first

place, then, the inspired language has been written upon various substances, leaves, skins, vellum, paper, &c. and it is even probable that several of the prophets wrote upon tablets of wood. (See Isaiah xxx. 8.) Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, when required to name his son, asked for a writing table, and wrote "his name is John." (Luke i. 63.) In the reign of the emperor Zeno, (485) the remains of St. Barnabas were found near Salamis, with a *Copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew, in Hebrew*, laid upon his breast, written with his own hand, upon leaves of Thyine-wood; a kind of wood particularly odoriferous and valuable. In the library of St. Mary, at Florence, is the *whole New Testament on silk*, with the Liturgy, and short Martyrology; at the end of it there is written in Greek, "*By the hand of the sinner and most unworthy mark; in the year of the World, 6840, (that is, of Christ, 1332,) Monday, Dec. the 22nd.*"† Some of the Greek MSS. were written in all capital letters; the small letters not being generally adopted until the close of the 10th century. Numerous curious abbreviations also existed in them; the first and last letters, and sometimes with the middle letter of a word only appearing, and the words not being separated. The following literal rendering of Matt. v. 1. 3. according to the Codex Bezae, or Cambridge MSS. of the Four Gospels and Acts, will convey to the reader some idea of the manner in which manuscripts were anciently written and printed:—

AND SEEING THE MULTITUDES HE WENT UP INTO A MOUNTAIN
AND WHEN HE WAS SET DOWN HE CAME TO HIM
HIS DISCIPLES AND OPENING HIS MOUTH
HE TAUGHT THEM SAYING
BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT* FOR THEIRS IS
THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

English historians mention some part of the Bible to have been translated into the mother tongue, in the beginning of the 8th century.†

Amongst the Lansdown MSS. preserved in the British Museum, there is a volume stated to be 100 years older than Wicliffe's time, (Wicliffe flourished about 1360.) This book has been considered, by no incompetent judge, even of a still earlier date, and the first and earliest English translation known. The following extract (the first chapter of Genesis) from this edition, is a highly curious and interesting specimen of early translations:—

"In ye beginning God made of nought

* SPT, is contracted for spirit.

† Aldemus translated the Psalms into Saxon, in 709.

hevene and erthe. For sothe the erthe was idil and voide; and derknessis werun on the face of depthe, and the spyrit of the Lord was born on the waters.

"And God seide, lizt be maid, and lizt was made, and God siz the lizt it was good, and he departide the lizt fro derknesses, and he depide ye lizt dai, and the derknessis nizt, and the eventyd and mornetyd was made on dai.

"And (God) seide, make we man to oure ymage and likeness, and be he souereyn to the fisshes of the see, and to the volatilis of hevene, and to unreasonable beestes of erthe, ond to eche creature, ond to eche crepinge beast which is movid in erthe, and God moid of nought a man to his ymage and likeness. God moide of nought him, male and female."

† Townley's Illustration of Biblical Literature.

Several translations having appeared, we now come to the year 1526, when the New Testament, translated by Tindal, &c. was published by Grafton, which occasioned the then Bishop of London to issue a proclamation, demanding, under "poine of excommunication, and incurring the suspicion of heresie, oll ond singular such bookes conteynynge the translation of the New Testament in the Engliche tongue." This translation containing, according to the decree, "erroneous opinions, pernicious and offensive, seducyng the simple people, attempting by their wicked and perverse interpretations, to prophanate the majesty of the scripture, ond craftily to abuse the most holy word of God." This prohibition was little regarded, consequently the bishops and clergy made great complaints, and petitioned the king. They were, however, very soon bought up by Bishop Tunstal, and Sir Thomas More, and burnt at St. Paul's Cross.

The ignorant and illiterate monks were so much alarmed when the Testament appeared in our mother tongue, that they declared from their pulpits, "that there was a new language discovered, of which the people should beware, since it was that which produced all the heresies; that in this language was a book come forth called the New New Testament, which was now in every body's hands, and was full of thorns and briars."

The Vicar of Croydon, in Surrey, together with numerous other monks and priests, were also much terrified when the Scriptures first appeared in a *printed* volume, and the former thus expressed himself in a sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross:—"We must root out printing, or printing will root out us." As long as ignorance and hypocrisy could stand against the infant strides of knowledge and truth, this doctrine was enforced; but ultimately, as ever must be the case, bigotry and superstition were soon, in this particular instance, torn from their haughty and oppressive throne, and the vicar's prophesy fully verified.

1532. The first edition of the *whole Bible* in the English language (the translation by Myles Coverdale) was published by Grafton. It was printed at Paris or Marsburgh, in Hessa. Six copies were presented to Archbishop Cranmer, and Lord Cromwell. It was a folio, dedicated to the king, in the following manner:

"Unto the moost gracyous soveraygne lord kynge Henry the eyghth, kynge of Englande and of France, lorde of Irelande, &c. Defender of the Fayth, and under God the chefe supreme heade of the church of Englande.

"The ryght and just administracyon of the lawes that God gave unto Moses and unto Josua; the testimonye of faythfulness that God gave to David: the plenteous abundance of wysedome that God gave unto Solomon: the lucky and prosperous age with the multiplicacyon of sede which God gave unto Abraham and Sara his wife, be given unto you most gracyous prynce, with your dearest just wyfe and most vertuous pryncesse quene Jane."

This dedication is thus subscribed:—

"Your grace's humble subjecte

"and daylye oratour,

"MYLES COVERDALE."

It appears by what Coverdale says here, and elsewhere, that the Holy Scripture was now allowed to be read, and had, in English; but not so always, for in some part of his reign, Tindal's Bible was suppressed, by act of parliament; indeed, the Bible was absolutely forbidden to be read or expounded in our churches; but the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Captains of the Wars, Justices of the Peace, and Recorders of the cities, might quote passages to enforce their public harangues. A nobleman or gentleman might read it in his house or gardens, quietly and without disturbing good order; but women, artificers, apprentices, journeymen, husbandmen, and labourers, were to be *punished with one month's imprisonment*, as often as they were detected in reading the Bible, either *privately or openly*. "Nothing shall be taught or maintained contrary to the king's instructions;" 32 Hen. VIII. c. 39. Such, however, was the privilege of a peerage, that ladies of quality might read "to themselves alone" and not to others, "any chapter in the Old or New Testament."

1536. About this time Bibles were ordered to be set up in some convenient place within their churches, so that the parishioners might resort to the same, and read it, and the charge of this book to be "ratably borne between them and the parishioners of one side; that is to say, one half by the parson, and the other half by them."

1539. In this year a large folio Bible was printed, called *Cranmer's Bible*, with the following title:—

"The Byble in Englyshe. That is to saye, the content of all the Holy Scripture, bothe the Olde and New Testament, truly translated after the verryte of the Hebrue and Greke textes, by the dylygent studye of dyuerse excellent learned men expert in the forsayde tonge."

By a proclamation this year, it was ordained that every parish should buy a

copy, under the penalty of 40s. The price of it bound with clasps was 12s. The Popish Bishops, two years afterwards, obtained the suppression of this book, and thenceforth no Bible was printed or sold during the remainder of the reign of Henry.

Edward VI. coming to the crown, 1547 Bibles were again permitted to be circulated.

Queen Mary ascending the throne, the Bible was again suppressed; but was happily restored by Queen Elizabeth, and an edition of the largest volume published before 1562.

1563.—March the 27th, a bill was brought into the House of Commons, that the Bible and the divine service might be translated into the Welsh tongue, and used in the churches of Wales.

1565.—The edition published in 1562, having been sold, a new one now appeared.

1568.—A new translation, promoted by Archbishop Parker, came out, called the "Great English Bible," and sometimes "the Bishop's Bible."

1572.—The above edition was again reprinted, and called "the Holy Bible," and had the distinction of being divided into verses, which was the work of different bishops.

1584.—The Papists now discovering that it was impossible to prevent the circulation of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, printed a copy at Rheims, and called it "the Rhemish Testament."

1603 to 1610.—The last and best English translation of the Bible was that occasioned by the conference at Hampton Court, in 1603. At this meeting many objections were made to the "Bishop's Bible," when, after due deliberation, it was recommended to have a new translation. King James accordingly issued an order to prepare one. "Not for a translation altogether new, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one; but to make a good one better, or of many good ones, one best." In 1604, fifty-four learned persons were appointed to this most im-

portant task; but they did not commence until 1607, when the number were reduced, by deaths, to forty-seven. Notwithstanding this diminution in their number, they completed their work in three years, and dedicated it to King James.

After this edition was published, the other translations dropped by degrees, and this became generally adopted. True, it was published by authority, but there was neither canon, proclamation, nor act of parliament to enforce the use of it. Selden, in speaking of this translation, says, "the translators in King James's time took an excellent way. That part of the Bible being given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue, and then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If they found any fault, they spoke; if not, they read on." A. B. C.

SONG.

(WITH SOME VIOLETS.)

(For the Mirror.)

THE summer flowers!—the summer flowers!

Oh, wreath them now!

They'll wither in a few short hours

Upon thy brow.

Yet think not then, so soon, will die

Their loveliness;

We watch the radiance of their eye,

And of each treat,—

They'll borrow brightness there from each,

And then they fade;

Thy cheek a livelier bloom can teach

Than autumn shade!

The summer flowers!—the summer flowers!

Thou shalt not twine;

But those which spring in million's showers

Shall all be thine!

Their breath is floating all around,

O'er earth and skies,—

Their hues are sprinkling all the ground

With gaudiest dyes;

But, best of all, these flowerets tell,

In words of truth,

Of tidings that must suit thee well,

Of joy and youth!

THOMAS M——S.

LACONIC INSCRIPTION.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following inscription is engraved on stone, in old English characters, on the wall of Fiddleford Mill, belonging to the town of Sturminster Newton, in Dorsetshire.

Operam dedi 1566 . . .

he thatt wyll have here any thyng don
A frynd to the owner and enymy to no man
For the fase of trothe I do allway professe
Yf falsehod appere the favlt shal be thyne

let hym com fryndly he shal be welcom
Pase all here frely to com when they can
Myller be trve disgrace not thy nest
And of sharpe ponishment thinke me
not unkind

Therefore to be trve yt shal the behove

To please God chyfly that * * above

* * Where the Asterisks are the words are illegible.

Memorable Days.

MAY DAY.

"Beautiful and radiant May,
Is not this thy festal day?"

L. E. L.

THE May poles and pageanties on May day, like all other innocent sports and pastimes, are gradually becoming obsolete. It is true that we have pageants and processions still, but only for the sake of money are they kept up. It is impossible to pass over the day without saying a word about its former "*mirth and merriment*." I know how incapable I am to write on such a subject, but if another more capable correspondent should not have thought of the subject before me, perhaps my little scraps relating to it may "pop in" opportunely.

Gathering May Dew.—It was formerly customary on May morning for people, both in the country and in London, to rise early and hasten to the fields and wash their faces with May dew. In the *Morning Post* of 1791, there is a notice of several persons who went into the fields to bathe their faces, under the impression that it would render them beautiful. Mr. Pepys make an entry in his Diary, of his wife's going down to Woolwich for the purpose of gathering May dew.

May poles.—The most innocent and amusing of all May day sports, was that of dancing round the May pole. Of these there were formerly a great many in London; for instance, the Strand May pole, and Gerrard's Hall May pole; which latter was said to be the club of Gerrard the giant, whence the Hall took its name. In every parish there was a May pole, which was regularly greeted on May day; and speaking of Gerrard's Hall May pole, Stowe says, "it might be, as was the case in every parish, set up every summer before the principall house in the parish or streete," and it seems "it stood in the Halle, before the scrine, decked with hollie and ivie at the feast at Christmasse."

Were it not for Stowe and other historians, we should know little of the customs on this and other days of our ancestors. Instead of May poles we have the dreary gambols, and tinsel fluttering squalidness of the poor chimney-sweepers.—"What a personification of the times," says the *Examiner* paper, "gilded dirt, slavery, and melancholy, for another penny! Something like celebrations of May day still loiter in more remote parts of the country, as Cornwall, Devonshire, and Westmoreland; and it is observable,

that most of the cleverest men of the time come from such quarters, or have otherwise chanced upon some kind of insulation from its more sophisticated common places."

May Goslings.—Besides the before-mentioned custom, they have in Westmoreland a practice every May morning of making folks May goslings, which is a custom similar to that on the first of April. This custom prevails till twelve o'clock at noon, after which time none can carry on the sport. And it may be observed, that ploughmen and others decorate themselves with garlands and flowers, and parade through different towns for their "annual collection," which they spend in the evening with their sweethearts at the May pole.

Well Dressing.—In many parts, both of Cumberland and Westmoreland, a custom of decorating wells and brooks with flowers exists, which is a relic of the Roman fontinalia, religious festivals held in honour of the nymphs of wells and fountains. But holy Thursday is, I believe, the day on which the custom is celebrated. This custom prevails also in many other countries.—*Lysons's Mag. Britt.*

Dining with Duke Humphrey.—In old St. Paul's, Sir John Beauchamp, constable of Dover, and warden of the Cinque Ports, was buried in the year 1358. "This deceased nobleman," says Stowe, "by ignorant people, hath been erroneously misterm'd, and said to be Duke Humphrey, the good duke of Gloucester, who lyeth honourably buried at St. Albans, in Herts, twenty miles from London; in idle and frivolous opinion of whom, some men of late times have made a solemn meeting at hys tombe upon St. Andrew's day in the morning, (before Christmasse,) and concluded on a breakfast or dinner as assuring themselves to be servants, and to hold diversity of offices under the good Duke Humphrey." Stowe's continuator says, "Likewise on *May day*, tankard bearers, watermen, and some others of like quality beside, would use to come to the same tombe early in the morning, and according as the others deliver serviceable presentation at the same monument, by strewing herbes and sprinkling faire water on it, as is the duty of servants, and according to their degrees and charges in office; but, as master Stowe hath directly advised such as are so merrily disposed, or simply profess themselves to serve Duke Humphrey in Paul's, if punishment of *losing their dinners* daily, then be not sufficient for them, they should be sent to St. Albans to answer there for their disobedience and long absence from

their so highly, well-deserving lord and master, as in their merry disposition they please so to call him."

Morris Dancers.—About this time last year some of these dancers amused the Londoners for about a month or so, with their morris dancing, and at the end "reaped a good harvest—

"There the morris dancers stand,
Glad bells ringing on each hand."

But these had white handkerchiefs in their hands instead of "glad bells," and though distress brought them hither, it is to be hoped they will pay us another visit this year. They were mostly to be found in the neighbourhood of Somers and Camden Towns, where I saw them. Besides these sports many other were practised on May day, such as decorating horses with garlands, and likewise the horns of cattle, making presents of choice flowers, &c., and many other innocent amusements too pretty to be easily forgotten. For much information respecting May day, and other festivals, I would refer the reader to Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes," Brande's "Popular Antiquities," Lysons's "Mag. Britt."

W. H. H.

RUSH BEARING.

On the first of May in every year there is a custom observed at Musgrave, in Westmoreland, which deserves to be recorded. The young maidens of *Brough* make a procession to Musgrave, decorated with "the fairest flowers of the field," and attired in white dresses, ornamented with ribands and other finery. Great preparations are made against the joyful day; and the young maidens, who are to become the rushbearers, apply to the vicar of Musgrave for his consent. The flowers are presented from the neighbouring gardeners the day previous to the first of May. Twelve sprightly young damsels are selected by the vicar belonging to the town of Brough, who have offered their services on the occasion.

At ten o'clock in the morning the young ladies assemble at the foot of Brough bridge in their dresses, decorated with flowers, &c.; a garland is displayed on their heads in the shape of a crown, formed of rushes, with flowers entwined on the outside, and a bunch of blue ribands on the top, and others interspersed here and there. The whole has a very interesting effect while a fine smiling face peeps from under it.

They are immediately joined by the Brough band, who strike up the national

anthem, and the whole procession march down the town, followed by an immense crowd of spectators, who greet them with continued applause. Thus they move on through the fields to Musgrave, which is distant one mile from Brough. The band play frequently as they proceed, and sometimes the rush-bearers dance. At about three quarters of a mile from Brough is a small charity-school belonging to Musgrave, situated on a hill, which is the first place they halt at. They dance up the hill, waving their garlands in the air, till they reach its summit. The master comes out of the school-door, bearing a small cake decorated with flowers, and leads the rush-bearers into the school, who cut up the cake, and distribute a piece to each boy. This cake is given by the vicar of Musgrave. When they leave the school, the band strike up, and the whole body moves on down the hill (strewn with flowers as they descend) to the village of Musgrave; and as they approach it, they are hailed by the inhabitants, who hasten to join the procession. The village bells ring a merry peal, if such it may be called, for there are only two of them, and they are cracked.

The vicarage is the next place they stop at, and there they dance for some time, and at intervals greet the worthy pastor with repeated huzzas! The vicar appears and acknowledges their gratitude, and conducts them to the church, which is filled immediately at the opening of the doors by persons anxious to get a sight of the ceremony. The vicar is immediately followed by the clerk, bearing on his head a fine large "twelfth cake" on a silver dish, surmounted with flowers; they both have bunches of flowers in their hands. The rush-bearers are led up to the north aisle of the church, (where seats are prepared for them and the band previously,) and they hang up their garlands on the side of the church, there to remain till the next year, when they are taken down and fresh ones substituted.

The Gospel is read by the clergyman, and some prayers offered and psalms sung; after which the clerk and vicar retire. A space is then cleared near the altar, and a fiddle procured, when *dancing* commences, and continues till about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, during which time the band remain or depart as they please, for they have nothing further to need their assistance.

At intervals the cake, which the clerk brought previously, is, with wine, handed round to the company, who drink health to the vicar. No other liquor is allowed to be consumed in the church besides the four bottles of wine given by the vicar.

Any one is at liberty to dance with the rush-bearers; but they are the only females who are allowed to do so.

After the dancing is over, and the cake and wine that are allowed by the vicar are consumed, the young females, escorted by their lovers, depart, as do the crowd who have been present at the ceremony, and the church-doors are then closed. Very few, however, retire immediately, for there is pony-racing, to which most of them resort. About half a dozen ponies are admitted to run for a prize collected by the Musgrave men, and those who contend, enter their names the day before. This is immediately followed by wrestling for four prizes, viz. a sovereign, a belt, a new hat, and a new pair of boots, also purchased with voluntary contributions; but the last time I saw it there were six prizes, two more than common. They are chiefly young lads who wrestle for the prizes, many of whom are very skilful in the art.

These sports, with many others, such as jumping in sacks, grinning through horse-gollars, &c. continue till dusk, when the next places they fly to are the inns of the village, (namely, three) at every one of which there is an "ordinary;" and here the evening is spent in the gossip of the affairs of the day.

The young rush-bearers are seldom present at these festivals, for they have liberty to dine at the vicar's house, which invitation they generally, after the fatigues they have undergone, gladly accept.

In the church-yard is a monument to Dr. Colkinson, who, by his will, bequeathed monies to the vicar and clerk, and to the rush-bearers, (whoever would undertake the office,) for the observance and continuance of this custom; and out of this bequest are all the expenses attending the ceremony discharged; the band, however, are not paid, as they are a new company, and have been composed since the worthy doctor's decease; still they are admitted to dine at the vicar's expense for their gratuitous aid.

This custom is descended from the Roman "*Floralia*," who held their festivals in May, as also their "*Fontinalia*," which are considered by antiquarians to be the origin of rush-bearing and well-dressing; for these customs exist in different parts of England.*

I have now said all I can to fill up so pretty a scene, which I have witnessed four times, and formed one of the merry group more than once. W. H. H.

* Vide Brande, Strutt, Lysons's "*Magna Britannica*," and other works of the same nature. —At their festivals the women ran races day and night, and those who won were crowned with flowers.

Notes of a Reader.

If you would throw the whole of human happiness and enjoyment, the encyclopædia of human bliss, into the alembic, and draw from it a quintessence which could be named by a single word, that word would be—LONDON.

A VISIT TO LONDON.

THE London Guide-books, or "Pictures," by straining at completeness, have increased in bulk, like the great wonder they describe. Hence, they are rather books for home reading than for the immediate consultation of the visiter. A little work entitled the *Stranger's Guide through London*, has just come under our notice, which appears to contain all the information requisite for a "stranger," within one-tenth of the usual space. It is on the plan of Meurice's *Paris Guide*, and is altogether the best synopsis of our metropolis we have hitherto seen. Our country friends often waste mornings in planning arrangements which they never follow up; or in seeking information which they seldom turn to account; whereas, with a *skeleton view* of London and its amusements under their eye, they avoid the tediousness of research, and obtain their object in one-tenth of the time.

As a specimen of the *Stranger's Guide*, we give the following extract:—

The Town itself.

The vastness of the town is a wonder. To judge of and duly feel it, the stranger should walk from Hyde Park, along Piccadilly, turn down St. James's-street, and continue along Pall Mall, by Charing Cross, the Strand, St. Paul's, and Lombard-street, to Whitechapel Church; and return by Leadenhall-street, and Holborn, to Tyburn Turnpike, at the top of Oxford-street. This will be a walk or ride of about nine miles, through the heart of the town.

He may afterwards make another circle, by passing from Charing Cross, southward, crossing Westminster-bridge, passing the Obelisk, and reaching London-bridge by the Borough. Bishopsgate-street will conduct him to Shoreditch Church, and turning short to the left, he may return to Charing Cross by the City-road, Battle-bridge, Lisson Green, Edgeware-road, Park-lane, Grosvenor-place, Pimlico, and Westminster Abbey. This will be a route of ten or twelve miles, about two miles from the centre of the ellipse, and about an average mile

from the extremities of the mass of the town.

These routes may be effected in two mornings. They will convey a competent notion of London; and, it may be

observed, that there are few natives who have themselves seen so much of the place in which they have passed their lives.

STATEMENT OF THE NUMBER OF JOURNALS IN THE WORLD, CONSIDERED PROPORTIONABLY TO THE EXTENT OF TERRITORY AND THE NUMBER OF THE INHABITANTS.

(From the *Revue Encyclopedique*, and another French Journal.)

Countries.	Population.	Number of Journals.	Proportion of the Population to each Journal.
United States	11,600,000	840	1 for 13,800
Saxony	1,400,000	54	1 — 26,000
Denmark	2,500,000	80	1 — 31,000
Netherlands	6,113,000	150	1 — 41,000
Prussia	12,464,000	288	1 — 43,000
German Confederation	13,600,000	305	1 — 44,600
England	23,400,000	483	1 — 48,500
Sweden and Norway	3,960,000	82	1 — 47,000
Wurtemberg	1,520,000	29	1 — 52,400
Grand Duchy of Baden	1,130,000	22	1 — 51,400
France	32,000,000	490	1 — 65,300
Confederation of Switzerland	1,980,000	30	1 — 66,000
British America	2,200,000	30	1 — 76,300
Hanover	1,550,000	19	1 — 81,500
Bavaria	3,960,000	48	1 — 82,500
Chili	1,400,000	16	1 — 87,500
Peru	1,700,000	19	1 — 89,500
Columbia	3,000,000	20	1 — 150,000
Haiti	950,000	5	1 — 190,000
Portugal	3,530,000	17	1 — 207,600
Tuscany	1,275,000	6	1 — 212,500
Mexico	7,500,000	28	1 — 262,000
Spanish America	1,240,000	4	1 — 310,000
Bolivia	1,500,000	4	1 — 375,000
Austrian Empire	32,000,000	80	1 — 400,000
States of the Pope	2,590,000	6	1 — 431,700
Sardinia and Piedmont	4,300,000	8	1 — 537,500
Brazil	5,000,000	8	1 — 625,000
Russian Empire	56,515,000	84	1 — 672,800
Spain	13,900,000	16	1 — 868,700
Naples and Sicily	6,700,000	6	1 — 1,116,600
Oceania	20,000,000	9	1 — 1,222,000
Africa	60,000,000	12	1 — 5,000,000
Asia	390,000,000	27	1 — 14,444,000

Glasgow, Manchester, and Lyons, which are mere trading towns, the respective population of which amounts to about 140,000 souls, have each of them as many journals as the whole monarchy of Spain, with its royal academy, its universities, and its 14,000,000 of subjects, and of monks.

Leeds, Liverpool, and Bristol, the united population of which amounts to 300,000 souls, have only 21 journals, while Canterbury and Southampton, with their 26,000 inhabitants, have 3.

Marseilles and Lyons possess a joint population of 260,000 souls, and have only 19 journals, while Veroul and Tour-

nus have 5 journals for 13,000 inhabitants.

New York, on a population of 169,000 souls, maintains 30 journals. Cincinnati supports 9 for its 16,000 inhabitants.

Mexico has only 7 journals for 180,000 souls, while in the little town of Merida, in the same republic, there are 2, though it only contains 1,000 souls.

Cork contents itself with 7 journals, and its population extends to 100,000 souls; while Ballina, that scarcely contains 4,000, finds the means of supporting 3.

Leipsic, on a population of 40,000 inhabitants, supports 38 journals.

	<i>Inhabitants.</i>	<i>Journals.</i>	<i>Inhabitants.</i>
London has	1,275,000	183 or 1	for 6,900
Paris	890,000	176 — 1	— 5,000
Brussels	100,000	33 — 1	— 3,000
Munich	70,000	20 — 1	— 3,500
Leipsic	40,000	38 — 1	— 1,050
<i>Inhab. Journals.</i>			
Lyons	146,000	13	
Bordeaux	94,000	10	
Rouen	90,000	8	
Marseilles	116,000	6	
Manchester	134,000	12	
Birmingham	107,000	9	
Liverpool	119,000	9	
Bristol	88,000	7	
	894,000	74	

The little city of Washington, with its 12,000 inhabitants, has by itself as many journals (5) as the united kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the whole population of which amounts to 7,600,000.

London has twice as many journals as the colossal empire of the Russian Czar, with his 56,000,000 serfs.

The United States, the whole population of which amounts to no more than 11,600,000, have more journals than Portugal, the kingdom of both the Sicilies, Spain, Austria, Russia, Australasia, Africa, and all Asia together, the immense population of which rises to 600,000,000 of subjects, serfs, and slaves.

REVIEWS.

THE earliest of which we have any mention are,

	<i>Year.</i>
The History of the Works of the Learned, commenced in	1699
Censura Temporum in	1708
Memoirs of Literature, and the Bib. Iotheca Curiosa	1708
To these succeeded	
The Monthly Review, begun in	1749
Critical Review	1756
Antijacobin	1798
British Critic	1798
Edinburgh Review	1803
Eclectic Review	1805
Quarterly	1809
British	1811
Westminster	1823

COLONEL NAPIER, in his "History of the War of the Peninsula," says, "It is a curious fact, that, from the beginning to the end of the war, an English musket was rarely to be seen in the hands of a Spanish soldier."

CONSTANTINOPLE.

SOME idea of the primitive splendour of Constantinople may be formed from the historical fact, that within the lapse of

three or four generations, the city contained 13 palaces, 14 churches, 8 public and 153 private baths, 2 basilicas, 4 forums, 2 senate-houses, 5 enormous granaries, an amphitheatre, a circus maximus, with 4 other places of entertainment, the same number of reservoirs for rain-water, as many aqueducts, 322 streets, 4,328 very large houses, 52 porticoes, 20 public mills and 120 private ones, 117 tribunals for the distribution of donatives, 5 immense markets, 3 flights of costly stairs descending from the hills to the sea, a mint, a capitol, barracks for the imperial guards, and several literary institutions. Sixty thousand pounds weight of gold, or two millions four hundred thousand pounds sterling of our money, were expended by Constantine on the walls, the porticoes, and the aqueducts of this metropolis. His own palace, seated on the most conspicuous elevation, was roofed externally with gilded plates of brass, which, when illuminated by the sun, had the appearance of a city on fire.

SOCRATES, it is said, subsisted himself and his family upon 15*l.* a-year; but the earnings, and consequently the expenses, of some of the poorer natives of India do not exceed 4*l.* 10*s.* per man per annum!

THE following extract contains the subject of Lord Grenville's recently-published pamphlet:—"Under no circumstances can any Sinking-Fund be productive of real benefit, except where the ordinary income of the state has been carried to an amount permanently exceeding its current expenditure."

WE are indebted to France for the introduction of *Literary Reviews*; but it is somewhat surprising that no idea of the kind should have entered any one's mind till the middle of the 17th century.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

IN Russia, mechanics, according to an enactment to that purpose, are obliged, on the expiration of their apprenticeship, to wander or travel from town to town three years before they can set up in business for themselves; each carries a book, in which his route is noted down, and serves as a kind of passport. Should they meet with no employment, they shift their ground, and the magistrate furnishes them with subsistence-money, which enables

them thus to proceed to another quarter.
—*Wilson's Travels.*

THE novel of *Woodstock* has just been successfully dramatized at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, in Paris.

IN the wool-fairs of Prussia it is no uncommon thing to see noblemen decorated with stars, sitting in stalls, and bargaining with customers for the packages they have sent to market.

WEBER, for his opera, *Der Frieschutz*, composed expressly for the King's Theatre at Berlin, received only 500 rix-dollars, about 50*l*.

WHEN the Jews are in the act of prayer, they turn their eyes towards Jerusalem; and such is their veneration for the soil of Judea, that many of them in different countries procure from Jerusalem portions of earth, which is sprinkled over the eyes of the deceased before interment. Many who can afford the expense, retire there to die, that their bodies may mingle with the bodies of their ancestors. At Copenhagen, Jews are buried upright, or standing in their coffins.

FATHER PETERS, the Jesuit, calculated that in 260 years four men might have 268,719,000,000 of descendants. Enough to people many such worlds as ours. Sir W. Blackstone shows, that in twenty generations every man has actually 1,048,576 ancestors. Thus, the provisions of nature are made against every contingency. In the animal world 342,144 eggs have been found in a carp only 18 inches long; and 600,000 have been reckoned in the roe of a salmon.—*Weekly Rev.*

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY announces *Salmonia*, or *Dialogues on Fly-Fishing*—the production of his leisure hours. What would Swift and Lord Byron say to this!

IF Voltaire censured inconsiderately at one part of his life, he compensated by sounder criticism at another, when increased knowledge and more matured judgment gave weight to his opinion. Thirty years after he had called *Shakspeare un saltimbanque* and *un sauvage pris de vin*, he acknowledged him to be *un génie sublime*,—*le peintre de la nature et de la vérité.*

CAPT. LYON mentions "a little drunken Dutch farmer, in leathern breeches and a red waistcoat, one eye open and its fellow closed, with an air of slyness and roguery which gives a most comical expression to

his tipsy face." This, says he, is perhaps the first Dutch saint which has ever been worshipped in Mexico.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, in enumerating the varieties of the potato, describes the *white eye*, *London lady*, *Wicklow banger*, the *Quaker's wife*, &c.

IN Russia, children are nursed in cradles in the form of a pair of scales, suspended in front of the houses from a pole, fixed in, and projecting from the wall; and in these machines children may be seen swinging in the open air.

IN the parish church of Zacatecas, in Mexico, is a font entirely of silver, and weighing 3,793 ounces.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE King has directed that a site shall be assigned to this society on the crown lands, where the improvements of the metropolis are being carried into effect at Charing-Cross; and already have members voluntarily subscribed several thousand pounds towards the erection of a house for the Institution, which, it is believed, will be commenced forthwith.

EARLY SPANISH DISCOVERIES.

FROM an interesting paper in the *Foreign Review*, (No. 2,) we learn, that in the year 1543, an invention for propelling ships even in a calm, without aid of oars or sails, was laid before Charles V. by a sea-captain, named Blasco de Garay. A public trial of this invention took place at Barcelona, in presence of several persons, some on the shore, others in the vessel itself. The apparatus was affixed to a ship of 200 tons, laden with corn; it consisted of a large cauldron of boiling water, and of certain wheels on both sides of the vessel. One of the commissioners who witnessed the experiment, and who had always disapproved the attempt, reported, that a vessel might in this way make two leagues in three hours, but that the machinery was very complicated and costly, and there was evidently a danger that the cauldron would burst. The others appeared not to have been persuaded of the danger; they said that the vessel went at the rate of a league an hour at least, and that it tacked in half the time required for bringing a galley round. After the experiment, the machinery was removed, and Garay took it into his own keeping, lest the principle of his invention should be discovered.

It appears also that the Spaniards were acquainted, in the 16th century, with the art of rendering sea-water drinkable by

distillation; and that one of their garrisons, when besieged in a fortress by the Turks, in 1566, supplied the want of fresh water by this means. An apparatus for this distillation was taken out by the navigator, Quiros, in his voyage to the South Seas; but though it succeeded perfectly, it proved of little use for want of fuel. This fact has escaped the researches of Admiral Burney, in his *Voyages and Discoveries in the Pacific*. A few years afterwards an apparatus of the same kind was exhibited to the Board of Trade at Seville; the cost of this was fifteen dollars; it required little wood, and took up little room. The result of an experiment showed, that in four-and-twenty hours it produced between 60 and 70 gallons. Another curious fact in the nautical history of Spain is, that in consequence of the damage which Columbus's ships suffered from the worms, the experiment was tried of *sheathing ships with lead*, in the manner that copper is now used; and an officer was appointed with the title of *emplomador de naos*, ship-plumber.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CLIO GRUB AT BRIGHTON.

CLIO GRUB was a poet—an old puff provider
For Warren's Jet Blacking and Rowland's Kaly-
dor;
Though promoted at times to be Laureate Puff
To that old woman's album, the "Gentleman's
Mag."

Derry down, down, down Derry down.

His form was so lank, for he lived by his wit,
No bailiff could see him behind a stout spit;
And cash was to him an Ash-Wednesday event,
Which never arrived except when it was *Lent*.

Derry down, &c.

His garret all scrawl'd with extempores quaint,
Though it needed the brush, I shall not try to
paint;

'Twas a shivering room in the attic, more fit
For rheum-atic complaints, than to prompt Attic
wit.

Derry down, &c.

Rheumatic he grew—caught the ague beside,
And shook till the bantering landlady cried—
"There as thinks Poet, Grub isn't any great
shakes,
Could they but see him now, would confess their
mistakes."

Derry down, &c.

Quoth the bard—"I am going to Brighton."—
("High times,"

The dame interposed, "if you speak of your
rhymes.")

"To pay Nature's debt I must quickly pre-
pare:"

Cried the dame, "How prodigiously Nature
will stare!"

Derry down, &c.

To Brighton he went, and secured a retreat
In the pebble-built house of a narrow back street,

With a staring bow-window, to let him explore
What was passing in either bow-window next
door.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas a scene for a poet;—behind he could
gaze,
From morning till night, on the Mews and the
bays:
But the Mews was a stable, which seldom in-
spired
A bard, though the bays in the fetlock were
fired.

Derry down, &c.

He was scarcely install'd, when the lodging-
house maid
Ran open-mouth'd up to her mistress, and said,
"La! ma'am—only look—the bill's down—Mrs.
Shee
Has let her first floor to a monstrous grandee!"

Derry down, &c.

"Sally told me the nobleman's title, but what
She call'd him, in hastening home I forgot:
I shall soon recollect, and I'll then let you
know—
So saying, she div'd to the kitchen below.

Down, down, &c.

Five minutes elapsed ere the wench in a hurry,
Having thought of the title, ran up in a flurry,
And bawl'd to her mistress, half breathless with
speed,
The gentleman, ma'am, is the great *Invalid*.

Derry down, &c.

In baths of all sorts Grub was pickled and stew'd,
And by Mahomed's critical hand was shampoo'd,
Who in rubbing and scrubbing such zeal did
evince,
That the Turk has been black in the face ever
since.

Derry down, &c.

"Shampooing," cried Grub, "is of no real use,
Let me try what a long country walk will pro-
duce:

'Tis a night for a poet—just going to freeze—
So I'm sure of a *rimé* on each leaf of the trees.

Derry down, &c.

It is true there was one *shingle* beach near the
sea;
But elsewhere he hunted in vain for a tree.
For round about Brighton, wherever you walk,
The country, so call'd, is a desert of chalk.

And down, &c.

As eastward he rambled, he tried to indite
Such lines as Decanus to Stella would write;
To rival Dean Swift in his coffin, I ween.
Were no difficult task, had he reached *Notting-*
dean.

Derry down, &c.

It seem'd as if night, from a bottle on high,
Had spilt Warren's blacking all over the sky,
But Grub, in whose writings the moon brightly
shone,
Made light of the darkness, and boldly marched
on.

Derry down, &c.

In a well that was dry, regular smugglers, had
sung
Some ankers of gin, which they cover'd with
dung;
Grub soused in the hole, and exclaim'd in af-
fright:
"Well a day! I don't fancy this deep well at
night."

I am down, down, &c.

It chanced that he started a cask as he fell,
And being himself quite as dry as the well;
He drank till, like Neptune, he fell fast asleep,
Embracing an anker while plunged in the deep.

Down, down, &c.

When they holsted him up, he afforded a plea,
For a coroner's verdict of *Felo de se*;
For, as soon as he came to himself, he began
To find he had come to a different man.

Derry down, &c.

The gin, or the fright, or the heat he endured,
Rheumatics and ague had thoroughly cured;
And the late Clio Grub, such a poor sickly soul,
Was discharged from the hole of the well, well
and whole.

Derry down, &c.

" 'Twas a fall in the gin," he exclaim'd, " set
me free,
I have been in good spirits since they were in
me:

The Muse of Parnassus may go and be hung,
But success to the Mews that supplied me with
dung."

Derry down, down, down derry down.

New Monthly Magazine.

HORRIBLE ADVENTURE.

AT the period when Murat was about to invade Sicily, the Chevalier R—, Paymaster-General of the Neapolitan forces, was travelling through Calabria for the purpose of joining the army, having been to Naples to make arrangements for the transmission of a quantity of specie. He had sent on his servant before him, to prepare his quarters at the town of —, expecting to arrive there himself by night-fall; but, the day being very sultry, he had loitered on the road, and, at nine o'clock in the evening, found that he was still at a considerable distance from the proposed end of his journey. He was so much harassed and fatigued that he determined to put up for the night at the first convenient house. He at length entered an old romantic building on the road-side, inhabited by a man and his wife, the former a stout muscular figure, with a swarthy countenance almost wholly shrouded in a mass of bushy whiskers and mustachios. The traveller was received with civility; and, after partaking of a hearty supper, was conducted, up a crazy old staircase, to his apartment for the night. Not much fancying the appearance of the place, and finding no lock on his door, he fixed a chair against it; and, after priming his pistols, put them carefully under his pillow. He had not been long in bed when he heard a noise below, as of persons entering the house; and, some time afterwards, was alarmed by the sound of a man's footsteps on the staircase. He then perceived a light through the crevice of the door, against which the man gently pressed for admittance, but, finding some resistance, he thrust it open sufficiently to admit his hand, and with extreme caution removed the chair and entered the apartment.

The Chevalier then saw his host, with a lamp in one hand and a huge knife in

the other, approaching the bed on tiptoes. The Chevalier cocked his pistols beneath the bed-clothes, that the noise of the spring might not be heard. When the man reached the side of the bed, he held the light to the Chevalier's face, who pretended to be in a profound sleep, but contrived nevertheless to steal an occasional glance at his fearful host. The man soon turned from him, and, after hanging the lamp on the bedpost, went to the other end of the room and brought to the bedside a chair, on which he immediately mounted, with the tremendous knife still in his hand. At the very moment that the Chevalier was about to start up from the bed and shoot him, the man, in a hurried manner, cut several enormous slices from a piece of bacon that was hanging over his bedstead, though it had been wholly unnoticed before by the agitated traveller. The host then passed the light before his eyes again, and left the room in the same cautious way in which he had entered it, and, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, returned to a crowd of new and hungry guests below stairs, who were, of course, not very sorry to perceive that he had saved his bacon. — *Weekly Review.*

Biographettes for the Month.

APRIL.

April 4, 1774, died,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

He was the second son of a clergyman of the established church in Ireland, and born at Fermoy, in Longford, Nov. 20, 1728. He received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and took a bachelor's degree in 1749; he subsequently went to Edinburgh, then to Leyden, and afterwards to Italy. In 1756, he became usher in a school in London, then an assistant to a chemist, and ultimately a professed author. He was the friend of Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke, and belonged to a literary club established by the former; he published a great number of works, among which were "An Essay on the present state of Polite Literature," which appeared in 1759;—"A History of England in a Series of Letters;"—"The Traveller;"—"The Vicar of Wakefield;"—"The Deserted Village." He then turned his attention to the drama, and brought out "The Good-natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer." One of his last publications was "The History of the Earth and animated Nature." He was also the author of a Life of Parnell, one of Bolingbroke, and one of Beau Nash; "The Citizen of the

World," and "The Histories of Rome and Greece." He breathed his last at his chambers in the Temple, and was buried in the chamber yard of the Temple; but a monument was afterwards erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.—*Life prefixed to his Works.*

April 9, 1626, died,
FRANCIS BACON,

An illustrious philosopher and statesman. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, and born in London, January 22, 1560-1. Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to call him her "young chancellor," as while a child he gave such early indications of future eminence. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and while a student, discovered the fallacy of the peripatetic philosophy, which prevailed at that period. He went to France in the suite of Sir Amias Powlet, ambassador to that court when only sixteen; and wrote a piece, while a resident there, "On the State of Europe." At the age of twenty-eight he was appointed one of the queen's counsellors, but being attached to the Earl of Essex, who was at enmity with Cecil, Bacon lost many advantages which he might have otherwise justly expected to enjoy; he however ill requited the generosity of that unfortunate nobleman, (who had presented him with a valuable estate,) by appearing against him at his trial. On James the first's accession to the throne he obtained the honour of knighthood, and, in 1604 was appointed one of the king's counsel with a pension; in 1605 he published his noted work, "On the Advancement of Learning;" in 1607 he became solicitor-general; and although his practice was very much extended, it did not make him relax from his philosophical studies, as was proved in his piece called "Cogitata et Visa;" and his celebrated treatise, "Of the Wisdom of the Ancients;" in 1611 he was appointed judge of the Marshalsea Court, and registrar of the Star Chamber, the reversion of which he had given him twenty years before; in 1613 he was made attorney general, and in 1616 was admitted to the privy council; in 1617 he was made lord keeper of the privy seal, and the year after high chancellor of the kingdom, when he was admitted to the peerage by the title of Baron of Verulam, and in 1618 was created Viscount St. Albans; in 1620 he published the most elaborate of all his works, "The Novum Organon," showing a perfect method of exercising the faculty of reason; in 1621 he was accused of bribery and corruption, for which he was fined £40,000, to be im-

prisoned during the king's pleasure, and rendered incapable of filling any public office. His freedom was however soon restored to him, he had his fine remitted, and was summoned to the first parliament of Charles. Whatever were his errors, the principal fault lay in his servants, and of this he was not insensible; for during his trial, passing through the room where his domestics were sitting, they all rose up on his entrance, whereon he said, "Sit down, my masters; your rise hath been my fall." He afterwards retired from public business and devoted himself to his studies. He was severely affected by the severity of the winter that followed the plague in 1625, and he went into the country in the ensuing spring for a change of air, and to amuse himself by some experiments; but being taken suddenly ill, his lordship stopped at Lord Arundel's house at Highgate, where, being put into a bed with damp sheets, a pulmonary complaint was brought on, of which he died in about a week. He was interred in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, where a monument was erected to his memory by his secretary, Sir Thomas Meautys. He was so liberal, that notwithstanding his pension of £1,800 a year, and his paternal estate which was worth £700 a year more, his debts at his death amounted to £22,000.—*Biog. Brit.*

April 13, 1759, died suddenly,
GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

He was born at Halle, February 24, 1684; his father was a physician, and he was intended for the law, but his propensity for music was so strong, that all instruments were interdicted the house. When he was seven years old his father took him to the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels, where his inclination was indulged to the utmost. One morning the duke was much surprised on going into church to find a child playing upon the organ; he afterwards reasoned with his father, who at length agreed to place his son under Zuckau, the organist of Halle Cathedral. At the age of nine, Handel composed the church service for voices and instruments; and when he was fourteen he went to Berlin, where the sovereign made him liberal presents; he afterwards obtained a situation in Hamburg, but the favour shown him excited the envy of one of the masters there, who made a thrust at him with his sword, which was prevented from piercing the heart, by a music book, or as Dr. Burney says, by a metal button; here Handel composed his first opera, "Almeria;" he was afterwards in Italy for six years. In 1710 he came to England,

and was flatteringly received by Queen Anne; he then went to Hanover, and in 1712 returned to England, promising the elector his stay should be limited, which promise Handel forgot, and when the prince came to the throne he was afraid to go to court; he however obtained his pardon through a noble friend, and an additional pension, which was afterwards doubled.—A society called “The Royal Academy,” was created in the Haymarket to secure a supply of operas composed by Handel; it lasted about ten years, when the public taste being so fickle, Italian music came into fashion, and his popularity declined. In 1741 he went to Dublin, where he was well received, and began to repair his fortune; on his return he commenced his oratorios at Covent Garden, and continued them with glory till his death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a monument to his memory, but a greater honour was shown him in 1786, by the “Commemoration Festival,” when nothing but his music was performed.—*Life by Burney.*

April 17, 1790, died,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

He was born at Boston in 1706; at a proper age he was placed with an elder brother, a printer; but in consequence of some disputes he went privately, in 1723, to Philadelphia, where he worked in the office of one Kiemer. In 1724 he came to London, and worked at the press for about two years; he then returned to Philadelphia as book-keeper to a merchant; his employer however died, and Franklin became compositor under his old master. Soon after he entered into business with one Merideth, and about 1728 began a newspaper, in which he inserted many of his moral essays; he also formed a literary club, and laid the foundation of an extensive society and library. In 1732 he commenced his “Poor Richard’s Almanack,” in which he published those maxims so universally known as “The Way to Wealth.” In 1736 he was appointed clerk to the assembly of Pennsylvania, and was subsequently chosen a representative for Philadelphia. In 1737 he became postmaster of that city; and in 1738 formed the first association for preventing fires, which was followed by an insurance company. He next applied himself to the pursuit of philosophy, more particularly electricity, and established a new theory in this branch of science. In 1749 he explained the phenomenon of thunder, and the Aurora Borealis, on electrical principles; and in 1752 verified what he

had before asserted by drawing lightning from the clouds by means of an electrical kite. In 1755, the royal society, of which he became a member, voted him the gold medal.—Three schools were opened at Philadelphia on a plan of Franklin’s, and a college was incorporated five years afterwards; he also assisted to establish the Pennsylvania Hospital.—He was appointed colonel of the provincial militia, in which capacity he conducted himself with ability.—While in England in 1757 he published a history of the province of Pennsylvania, and a pamphlet on the importance of Canada, which stimulated government to send an expedition to that place. In 1762 Franklin returned to America, after being created Doctor of Laws at Oxford. In 1764 he came to England, as the agent of his province; and in 1766 he was examined before the House of Commons relative to the stamp act; he remained till 1775, when he returned home and was chosen a member of Congress, where he contributed more than any one to the independency of the United States. He proposed an alliance with France, and went thither as an ambassador, remaining at that court till hostilities ceased, when he returned to America, where he was twice chosen president of the assembly of Philadelphia, but resigned the honour in 1788, owing to his great age.—*Life prefixed to his Works.*

April 23, 1616, died,

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

He was born at Alcalá de Henares in 1547, and studied in Madrid. In 1571 he embraced a military life, and lost the use of his left hand at the battle of Lepanto. In 1575, passing from Naples to Spain, he fell into the hands of the moors, and remained a slave in Algiers five years, but recovered his liberty in 1580 by ransom; he settled in Madrid on his return home; and in 1584 published his “Galatea.” In 1596, while at Seville, he wrote an ironical sonnet on the triumphal entry of the Duke of Medina into Cadiz, when Essex had plundered and abandoned the place; he was after this imprisoned for some offence, and while in confinement wrote “The History of Don Quixote,” the first part of which was printed at Madrid in 1605. In 1613 he printed his novels; in 1614 his “Journey to Parnassus,” and his comedies and interludes in 1615, and also the second part of “Don Quixote;” the tale of “Pericles and Sigismunda” he now completed, but this was not printed during his life. Of all his writings, “Don Quixote” alone would have been sufficient to render him admired as an

author, and to have secured his fame for ever; it was the means of bringing about a great revolution in European literature—the dreams of Chivalry were discarded, and a taste for the simplicity of nature revived. He died of a dropsy, and was buried in the church of the Trinitarian nuns at Madrid.—*Life by Pellicer y Saforçada.*

April 23, 1616, died,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

The celebrated dramatic writer. It is a singular coincidence, that the two greatest authors of the time should both terminate their existence on the same day. A memoir of the "Immortal Poet" has already been given in the MIRROR, to which the reader is referred.

April 25, 1800, died,

WILLIAM COWPER,

Poet. He was born at Berkhamstead, November 26, 1731; he finished his education at Westminster, and in 1749 was articulated to an attorney, and subsequently entered the temple with a view to the law, but never followed the profession. In 1765 he was appointed clerk in the House of Lords, and afterwards clerk of the journals, but it happening on a certain occasion that his personal attendance was required at the bar of the house, it affected his nerves to such a degree that a resignation was the consequence; insanity succeeded, and he was placed under the care of Dr. Cotton, at St. Albans, where he regained his mental faculties. In 1765 he settled at Huntingdon, where he became an inmate in the family of a clergyman of the name of Unwin. Mr. Cowper added no less than sixty-eight pieces to a collection of hymns published by Mr. Newton. In 1770 he lost his brother John, and from that period he suffered much from religious despondency. To beguile his hours he wrote frequently, and the result was the publication of an anonymous volume of poems in 1782. The world is indebted to Lady Austen, of Olney, widow of Sir Robert Austen for the ballad of "John Gilpin," which she related to amuse the poet, who turned it into verse. She however conferred a much greater favour on the public, by causing him to write "The Task," which was sent to press in 1784, in 8vo., being a second volume of his works. In 1791 he published by subscription, a translation of "Horace" in blank verse, in 2 vols., 4to., but this work was revised, and went through another edition. In 1786, he and Mrs. Unwin removed to Weston in Northamptonshire. In 1794 he again suffered from an aberration of intellect.

After lingering out a painful existence, with a few transient glimmerings of reason, he died at Dereham, and was buried in the church of that parish.—*Biog. Diet.*

PASCHE.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKSPEARE.

SWIFTIANA.

ONE argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and apertres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good liars in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

I forget whether advice be among the last things which Ariosto says are to be found in the moon; that and time ought to have been there.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity:" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times; for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Anthony Henly's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once out, I will take care it shall never get in again."

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Apollo was held the god of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Printed and Published by J. LEWIS, 143, Strand, (near Somerset-House,) London; and ERNEST FLEISCHER, 66, New Market, Leipzig; and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.